THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS COMMERCE

VOL. XXVIII. ROBERT BONNER, } COR. OF WILLIAM AND SPRUCE STS. SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1872. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, $2 IN ADVANCE. NO. 27.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1872, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON.

NEWS-BOY TIM.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Ragged little News-Boy Tim
Loitering on Ledger corner
Shocking bad without a rim,
Boots a mile too big for him;
Surely keen clad heiress
Never yet did poor things see!

Up and down the busy street
Tim's shrill voice wanders unwearied;
And by blasts of summer heat,
Biting frost or bitter sleet,
Are his youthful fathers hurried,
As he trudges his weary beat.

All the grocer-boy must know
A broad bonnet-box under nose;
Under it, two pairs of saucy eyes, lost
Under a thicket of bright curls tossed
Round his plump cheeks, red as roses,
Kissed alike by sun and frost.

May be, long and long ago,
His dead mother's cradle fingers
Once caressed his soft curls so;
Perhaps, when the sunset glows—
Glad is why the sundown lingers
On them with so fair a glow!

Be that as it may, no curse
From the shadowy past he borrows;
Only the genial present wears
Hungry, tan, and brief dreariness
Lightly as the sparrow throws
Its with saucy courage down.

So no! tattered hero, Tim,
Thoroughly the noisy Babel daily
Shouts his wares with breezy cheer,
Till the sudden sobering fall
With her rose-lights flaring palely,
Strikes a dull good-night to him.

To some wretched hidden alcove,
Where, in the dim candle-light, shelter
With the city's foulest crimes
Soon his jaded footsteps come,
Seeking fretful rest and shelter
While some instinct, chained and dumb,

From his darkened soul implores
To the stars, whose vailed glory
Through the dusky roof-tree pores,
And the moonlight, dim and hoary,
Seems vague hint of Heaven revealed.

The Plot Against Hawley;

OR, THE

PRISONER OF DESOLATION.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MAGICIAN," "RED SPIDER," "THE MORMON HORSE," "PHIPPS'S MISERY," "THE CLUB-FOOT BEAR," "MARK DARBY'S LUCK," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

"UNCLE TOMMY" HEARD FROM.

The jubilant emotions of Capt. Pedder were written legibly upon his features, as he entered his dining-room, toward which we left him proceeding, after his early morning interview with Mrs. Hawley and Mrs. Piper, one week before.

"Miss Pedder is not to yet?" he demanded of the sturdy Irish girl who served him and his sister as cook, chamber-maid, and general house-help.

"No, sir."

"Where is Miss Dell?"

"Gone out for a bit of a walk, sir, in Washington Park."

"So early? I've hardly caught a glimpse of her since we've been at Annapolis. It seems very strange."

"Has anything occurred her changed way from?" said the girl. "She's not the same woman since you came back from Australia. It's breaking her heart for ye, that she is. Captain—shure, sir?"

"Do you think so, Kate?" asked Pedder, glancing complacently at the reflection of his jovial features in a mirror.

"Think so! And it's meself that knows it. I've heard her sighing in the night for you these three nights past, like a pair of bellowses."

"But how do you know that she is sighing for me, Kate, and not for some other man?"

"By the big eyes she makes at ye, by the way she slips off to her room when she hears you coming, and by all her looks and actions. She 's in that flighty state that a good wind would blow her away. You'll be the death of the poor young lady, I'll be sworn, Captain!"

"By thunder! I must look into this matter," said Pedder, thumping upon a chair, and stroking his chin. "I can't have my making a fool of poor Miss Dell, Kate. She is not as good as engaged to be married to any other woman, a young widow, whose husband I shall forward to the source of a few months. If Miss Dell is really making a fool of herself with some idea of marrying me, she'll have to drop a hint about my proposed marriage to the young widow in question."

"Then she'll die, sure enough, the poor thing!" declared Kate energetically, as she talks to herself, and moans and groans and wrings her hands, when she goes out of her and carries on like a distracted creature entirely."

"You astonish me," said Pedder, with a shade of uneasiness. "I'll have my sister give her a hint that you expect my intended marriage to the widow. It isn't right, you see, nor agreeable, to have Miss Dell going on in this fashion. It was Miss Dell, I do believe—were you speak of those things—that was making such a racket the night before we sailed, and I had to send you to her. Now her sister shall speak to her on the subject. In the future, business is business. Is your breakfast all ready to bring upon the table?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fetch it on at once, then. I have a great deal to do to-day," said Pedder, with a glance at the clock on the mantel-piece. "I must be off to my business."

The breakfast was brought immediately, and Pedder seated himself at the table.

"Bring in the paper, Kate," he said, "and then you may leave me. Tell my sister I must see her at once before I go down town, let her send me word at once."

Kate withdrew, and Pedder was soon deep in his repast and in a hasty perusal of the newspapers.

"No news of any consequence," he at length said to himself, with a yawn. "The *Herald* alludes again to the quick voyage of the *Childes*, and gives me a very neat little mention. And, yes—here 's an elaborate account in a weekly of the sad death of William Hawley at the island of Desolation! That 's young nearly three years all deceived. That 's one man of promise," as the paper calls him, is as good as dead, however. It 'll be a long time before he gets clear of that island. He 's sure to be too late to return with the ship."

The malignant joy with which he contemplated the misfortunes of his rival was fiendish.

"I shall be rescued right soon, Mrs. Piper," he added—"upon Mrs. Hawley for the scorn with which she has treated me, and upon Hawley himself for the preference he has received over me. Let me see now that my second letter has come straggling along to Mrs. Hawley," he added, taking up the paper in which the letters succulted for were advertised. "I hope nothing has arrived from my quarter to annoy me. It is too soon, of course, for your letter to arrive, Mrs. Piper, as that is he had been rescued within a few days after the departure of the ship. But I should like to get my worst letter lost, that is all resolved from time forward. In this way I shall get in the habit of looking, and in this way I may eventually get track of something that will pay me for all my trouble."

He had scarcely cast his eyes upon the list of advertised letters, as printed in one of the papers under his hand, when he started violently.

"Is it possible?" he gasped.

The letter at which he was staring so fixedly was that of Mrs. William Hawley.

"It must be for her," he muttered. "There can't be two of that name. Who can have sent her this letter? Can't be from Hawley himself, surely? Besides, Hawley would not have written if he had escaped, and if he had written he would have addressed the letter to his wife's boarding-place. The letter must be from some relative. It may contain news of vital importance to the success of my projects. I ought to look into it."

He stirred his coffee, and reflected.

"I will have it," he then ejaculated.

An hour later he was at the general post-office. Stepping up to one of the windows, he asked for the letter for Mrs. William Hawley, mentioning that the lady had requested him to call for it.

"Have you an order, sir?" asked the clerk. "I am not over liberal in my accounts."

"For the present—yes, sir," answered the stoker, with a familiar nod and wink. "I am in the latest regulation from headquarters, and I have the full power and habits of giving out ladies' letters with only sentimental assistance to any one, male or female, calling for them, but there has been some complaint made recently in that way of doing business, that the department has issued positive orders to me not to deliver any more ladies' letters to gentlemen without a written order from the lady."

I had heard something of some such regulation, said the clerk, as he looked over the letter in question, which he dropped carelessly into a pigeon-hole, and glanced at it over the breast pocket, and sauntered quietly away.

A few minutes thereafter, he was seated at a retired corner of the flattery, having taken a South Ferry stage, and here, after a hasty look around, he drew the letter from his pocket and broke the seal with a trembling hand.

The post-mark was Calcutta.

The contents were few, and in a strange word.

If Hawley had been promptly rescued from the island, the letter read, he reflected, he would have sent this letter. He was dead—at least in Hawley's thunderings."

The address was as follows:

"To Mrs. William Hawley, formerly Miss Clara Aymar, only daughter of the late Cornelius Aymar, Esq.

"To be advertised."

"No, it 's not from Hawley," muttered Pedder. "The writer has not learned of Mrs. Hawley's whereabouts, or he would state the fact. He has written to the last address publicly known for Mrs. Hawley, that mention of which has been made in one of her father's estates that point. Who can the writer be? Ah, I have it—one of 'the late Carmichael Aymar, Esq.' would indicate some old-time friend of that gentleman. Whoever he is, the writer knows who he is writing to, and is bound to find her, as is shown by the fullness and precision of the address, and also by the direction to the post-office authorities to advertise the letter. A speculation as to the author of the epistle is useless of course. He 's my enemy, without doubt. Hawley has no friends, the only certainty is that I am bound to protect myself and my plans from all persons and perils."

He proceeded to cut open the letter at one end as coolly as if it had been addressed to himself, and hastily scanned the opening page of the missive, which read as follows:

"My Dear Niece:—I am your uncle, Tommy, your father's only brother, Thomas Aymar, for many years past a merchant of Calcutta, India.

"I have just read in the New York *Herald* a notice of your misfortunes. Mr. Hawley, to whom you are married, is "the only daughter of the late Carmichael Aymar, Esq." The name Aymar is not the least dumb or hesitation, therefore, in concluding that you are the child of my only brother, the said Cornelius Aymar, and the only relative I have in existence.

"Possibly you may have heard of me—for at this point Pedder permitted the letter to sink to his lap, while a fixed, far-off look appeared in his blue eyes.

"I, too, have heard of this man?" he muttered, with a perplexed sigh. "Thomas Aymar, of Calcutta. He must be the Aymar—the uncle—of whom Hawley has spoken to me."

He spoke with an excitement and interest as deep as the excitement and interest Will Hawley had manifested at the mention of that same name of Thomas Aymar in the strange revelation of Jude Breeling, as related in a former chapter.

"And it 's lucky that I have placed myself in possession of this letter," he added, with a fierce look and gesture, "after Pedder, as he has chosen to call himself, has succeeded in destroying it. Does he fear that I have designs upon his wife? Does he suspect that I am in love with her already? If I believe that he does, I will stand up to him like a man, and settle with him, and my little plot is made over to perdition!

He hastened to resume his reading of Mr. Aymar's letter.

"Possibly you may have heard of me. You may also have heard that I was your dear father and mother died so suddenly. They received from your father but little information in which I informed them that I was going to India, and that I would write them when I got there with which I had carried Heaven to me many jealous industry. I called for home several times, but I was always prevented by business. I was in the midst of a great speculation in the rice trade, and my little plot is made over to perdition!

"Does he fear that I will stand up to him like a man, and settle with him

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

Thomas, or some other sinner, who says that "seeing is believing?" Why, he has lived on the Pacific where who cares how he lies, with the exception of yourself, sir, are his neighbors by her love. Yes and I are asterix in the color. The light of a match will not be visible to any of those parties. I will accordingly light one."

He did so at once, taking a good look first of the stout ropes with which the unknown was bound, and then at the unknown's face.

He was about fifty years of age, and a model of health and manly vigor. He was stout of build without being coarse; strong without being heavy. His face could have been called finely rugged. A single glance at him told an observer that he was the soul of honesty, courage and true nobility. The type of his countenance was remarkably Scotch-Irish, but he was one of those superior men who are the best representatives of the strength and honor common to both.

"Well, that is a tight jacket," said Hawley, as the brief rays of his match expired, and darkness reasumed its sway. "I don't know what the future has in store for me, more or less than, I know what it has in store for myself, but I do know that you are a victim of misfortune, as I am, and that I can at least give you my sympathy and friendship."

Mr. Dowd said that the old cask-knife to which the unknown referred was the one with which he had severed the cords that bound before leaving the shore—his pantaloons being the only garment he had retained for the little excursion upon which he had entered.

"A friend indeed, sir," said the unknown feelingly, as the last of his formidable bonds severed his person. "In the first I wish to think of my new liberty is to shake hands with you, sir."

The two men, so strangely met, exchanged a most hearty grasp of hands.

"I am William Hawley, late captain of an Australian clipper, the *Flying Children*, of New York," said our friend.

"And I am Lockhart Dougal, late commander of the ship *Dancer*, of Liverpool," continued, returning the man who had so very unceremoniously cut him adrift.

"Glad to meet you, Captain Dougal," exclaimed Capt. Hawley, at making your acquaintance."

"I reciprocate, Captain Dougal. From the moment we are united by a mutual sentiment, join as certainly as we are separated by mutual perils."

"I thank God from the depths of my soul for bringing us together, Mr. Hawley."

"And I, Captain Dougal. We will thank Him together."

It was one of those solemn moments of thanksgiving which belong to great souls only, and both men were deeply conscious of the divine goodness and mercy which each thought had been so signally favored.

"I am shocked the ship's wounding, I perceived," said Capt. Dougal. "And you are in the dark. I have concealed a lantern under my shirt, but I am still able to offer you a blanket."

He made a few moments to get the state-rooms nearest him, and soon produced a warm woolen blanket, which Will hastened to wrap around himself, expressing his thanks for it.

It takes but a word, a tone, or a look, to indicate a kindred soul, and in a little or no slight has to detect the quality of a bell. And the moment that Will heard the voice of the stranger he knew that he was a brother. Each knew that a friend had come to him in the most dangerous extremity in that far away corner of the world.

"I am the first mate of the *Children*, Mr. Hawley, I believe?" asked Capt. Dougal, as he resumed his seat.

"I did, sir."

"And you must have succeeded Mr. Jarding?"

"Yes, sir," was all Will could say, such was his astonishment.

"I have met Mr. Jarding repeatedly in Melbourne," explained Capt. Dougal, "and I do him very much indeed. The name of your ship is new to me, but I have no doubt she is of my own. But there's no ship of any kind in the Pacific Island, either that you have or my fault."

No, sir. The *Children* sailed from Liverpool for a neighbor of Hawley's wake, and on an hour or two thereafter."

Leaving you here, Mr. Hawley? I don't understand."

"Perhaps I can explain, in as few words as possible."

He hastened to do so. The astonishment of Capt. Dougal was great.

"Dead and gone, two madmen are alone here?" he shrieked.

Will assented.

"And one of these madmen is named Jude Breeding, and fancies himself Napoleon and the island St. Helena?"

Still another assent.

"And one is the other madman—the one who assaulted you at Table Rock?"

"Yes, sir, and I believe I haven't the least claim to the title," said Will with a grim the finishing touch of singularity, "for the sense of that two madmen should be found in that Jude Breeding has never been able, during the seven years of his residence here, to catch a glimpse of the other madman."

"What? Is a stranger commander Where does Jude live?"

"In a hut that he made of the timbers of the ship in which he came here, and which was wrecked upon a dangerous reef being the sea service, the Napoleon of Polynesia, of course, all that was done by Breeding, I am satisfied, that which is the history of the hut in question."

"The strange about that other madman."

"So strange, in fact, that I have modified my first opinion on the subject," declared Will. "I have always believed the cannibals had killed and eaten the crew of the ship which had been left here in the interest of the pirates who committed all of the island. He may even be a look-out of the Malay Summer himself. In no other way can I account for the mysterious and persistent seclusion."

"Your theories are of very little value," returned Capt. Dougal. "The villains who brought the ship here murdered the crew and threw it into the sea. They remained on the island to be utterly inhabited—as it always has been, in fact. It is just as clear as day."

"At his little hut, preparing supper against my return. I have not yet told you that I have myself in regard to the in-doors administration of the island's affairs, as I dare say he has been able to process food enough—such as it is."

"It seems, then, that there are only three of us here, and one of the three a madman?" said Capt. Dougal thoughtfully. "A dismal outlook, truly! The *Dancer* is hopelessly lost—"

"The ship is the *Dancer*, then?"

"Yes, sir, the *Dancer*, the good old ship I have commanded more than twelve years, and in which I have made nearly as many round trips to Greenock to discharge coal. And to think of her coming to such an end as this, Mr. Hawley!"

"I see that you are the victim of a terrible wrong," said Will sympathizingly. "The ship has been taken from you—been sunk and plundered?"

"She has!" groaned Dougal bitterly.

"And who are these men—these 'pirates' and 'villains,' as you call them—these—"

"They are runaway convicts from Australia."

"Horrors! Is it possible?"

"And there are forty-two of them, under the lead of a notorious murderer and outlaw called Fitz Bantam. They are all armed, with one sort of weapon or another, as you may have noticed. And they are bound to have my life, Mr. Hawley."

"Dost ido, Captain? Why?"

"Because I refused to join the pirates myself going before I would yield the ship to them—before I was overpowered. Oh, the cowardly and base and outrages and miseries they have subjected me to, for revenge, during this long, horrible voyage from the Swan River!"

"Forty-two of them, eh?" murmured Will. "A fine gang of men with whom to be cooped up on this island!"

"You may well say so. It would be impossible for us to have more dangerous neighbors."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PLUM-COLORED COAT.

It used to be the custom, a century or so ago, for people to keep large sums of money in their own houses.

Many, among the Quakers, however, had faith whatever in banks, and a bag was considered a much safer place in which to keep one's money than in a bank. Some of the more wealthy people stuffed old stockings full of small silver and pewter under their pillows, or hid them up the chimney. These were the days for highwaymen, and every traveler was sure to have most of his cash about him. And the highwaymen were not the only robbers. One of the most common of these was a waiting Londoner, to whose aid all his neighbors would go if which he was capable would only bring a decrepit old watchman, hardly able to carry his lantern and staff, and unfit to cope in a hand to hand conflict with a brawny burglar. Safes and locks were then very much used by citizens who had not boldly courage and desperation enough to defend their own with their own fire-arms. And this old Master Jackson knew full well. He was in bed, and the clock on the stairs had just struck nine from garret to cellar, and was to every one in the house in person. He did right to be cautious, for he was a very old man, and there were besides himself Dr. Jackson, his wife, Mistress Deborah Jackson, and the old maid-servant Margery. Besides this, there was the incorrect oak chest beside his bed, his certain of his money, and he was not at all sure that anything had to robbers.

It proved so, for at that bright, long after the watchman cried "Past nine o'clock," Mistress Jackson was awakened by a sudden noise. She was in bed, and heard the sounds of scuffling in the room. She put her hand on the other pillow and found her husband was dead.

She was he who was fighting with some one. She was about to spring to the floor from her high bed, and call for help, when she heard the locks of the chest open, and she caught a man's arm and gripped it hard. Then some one struck her a blow, and she knew nothing more.

In the meantime old Margery, coming down stairs to light the fires, saw what appeared to be a shadow on the wall of the passage leading to her brother on the floor, and ran screaming for assistance.

Neighbors came to her cries, and watchmen were sent for, and all was done that could be done for the unfortunate people in the house-gone. And as for the old woman, she lay insensible for hours, and was then found in the clenches to slightly over something of a dull plum-color, which was the only thing missed by any officer.

The thief came to herself, and opened her hand of her own accord, showing that it was a piece of plum-colored cloth, with a button upon it—a fragment undoubtedly torn from one of those deep coat-cuffs then in vogue, and which must have been a portion of the coat worn by the murderer. The authorities were overjoyed at having so slight a clue by means of detecting the assassin; but he was not discovered for all that. He was never traced to any one connected so nearly as many murderers do with their crime. He was never heard of again at all, and only poor old Mistress Jackson remembered it.

She, poor soul, had been most cruelly treated by her loss. She lay for weeks upon the verge of insanity, a bit of cloth in her hand, and there she at last stood, and there she was found by her friends, and there she remained for years, and there she died, and was buried with her husband, and her great trouble put upon her. She was poor, and had to live upon the charity of friends, for the few guineas left pittance to live upon. There had been many thousand pounds in those locked chests, but they had always been very comfortable in her husband's lifetime, and she had never thought of economy.

But she is not, she must do the best she could, and was, in her extremity, driven to the trict to save her little store for a time when she should be helpless. And when that time came, perhaps, be forced to ask charity of her friends. But she was a proud maid her head high, and been proud of her self-respect.

Needle-work was about the only sort of lucrative employment to women in her day, unless it might be domestic service; and Mistress Jackson would have starved among the rich rather than go into servitude.

Patching and mending were her great points. And so she was willing to do such work in those days. Even rich people did not discard clothes for small imperfections, and cloth were rather proud of many-dainty dame.

Mistress Jackson's fame in this line soon was bruited by careful, housewives by the neighborhood, and she had more work than she could do. She had a good, neat, and quiet manner besides. She had grown very silent and reserved since the murder of her husband, and for which she always kept that little piece of plum-colored cloth, and which came to the place enriched, as though she hoped that it would some day be of service.

I'm great at gentlemen's coats. I can make them look as well as new as any tailor in the city," she told her lady would say, when she found herself in the midst of a crowd of good-natured ladies, "and I'm sure I can make the best of a bad state of affairs, or get some done right for a reasonable price."

I will go relief. I'll advertise for a housekeeper."

"Oh, no! I don't like having strangers in the house," she would say.

"Never! The ungrateful, disobeying girl! Never! I shall not have a stranger spending me. She did, and so shall abide by her word.

"Jacob, I should think sir, years might have softened your heart. You have been a novel, or try to stop my saying what I intend to do. I am going to advertise for a housekeeper, and I will have her in my house—and I'm sure you have no right to say anything against it."

Three years had passed since Master Jacob son's murder, and the old man lay in his bed, and body together with her needle, when, to her great surprise, he said that he would not say anything more, and brought his wife in it. He was a dreadful miser, and considered a penny, with a foreign piece of money in her hair on his face and head than Englishmen ever with his wife, and Mistress Jackson despoke English as one native born. He spent his money freely, and thought that all the tradespeople in a way that won their liking. She was glad that he was going to spend money that is always a hard season for the poor.

"Jacob," she said, "I am glad to see that you are not quite so close-fisted as you were the day she put her thimble on her finger and her needle in her hair, and went up and down the road to the fine house where the new family lived, and asked to see Mrs. Jacobs.

"I'm a poor widow woman, my lady," she said, "and understand that you want some fine linen. I've not a torn thing of my own."

But I'm a good housekeeper, and can do costs or breeches with any one," said Mistress Jacobs.

"Well, then I have work for you," said the lady. "There is a set of sheets, and some old clothes up stairs, every one tattered, and almost worn out. Can you do it, careless fellow. I'll have them mended, and make him wear them. Come up with me."

And she led the way up stairs, and opened a great chest, and tumbled out upon the floor a quantity of man's garments, bandanas in quality, and scarcely soiled, but many of them much torn.

Here are waistcoats with the pockets cut, and a pair of coats in rent across, and a coat with a piece of the sleeve gone," said the wife. "Such a good coat, too—plum-colored cloth, no less."

She spread it over her knees. Old Mrs. Jackson's hands began to tremble.

"It's past mending, I doubt," said the lady, "but—" said the old woman; "I can patch that. Give it to me."

She handed it, and her eyes glared so that the lady felt frightened. She let the coat go.

"I will do it, and I can patch it," said the old woman.

She put her hand within the breast, and drew out her long-treasured bit of plum-colored cloth. She held it to the sleeve; it fitted exactly: every rent and fray was filled up. Mrs. Jacobs, in her astonishment, let the mate of those on the coat.

"I will be sure to match that with all her wardrobe."

"That seems like a bit of the coat," she cried, "and the old woman, clutching it tight. "I've been looking for it for years and years. I've found it now."

Still clutching both coat and fragment in her skin-veined hands, she tottered down stairs, flung open the door, and standing on the step-ladder, lifted her head, crying:

Help, neighbors! help! I have found my husband's murderer!"

The neighbors, among whom happened to be a constable, came running to see the old lady in full-dress—dinner suit in his garden, heard the awful cry, and came.

The coat, the bit of cloth sewed in by Mistress Jackson had preserved, and none could doubt it. Jacob son was dead, she was held in her hands.

Only the lady of the house, frightened as she was, laughed the assertion to scorn, and said that it was all nonsense.

"Old people's troubles are too much for her brain," she said. "Jacob son was a gentleman, and would not be guilty of such a thing. He was my husband's coat, and we only came across it by chance. Jacob son has quite too much to have hurt the old dame's husband for the sake of robbing him. I cannot believe it."

But the coat—that new fellow-lowsmonstache—with its foreign air and foreign piece of money in it, and the bit of cloth which was the mate of the one left behind, the plum-colored coat, his face betrayed him. He grew pale, and his head hung, and strained him; and the old magistrate, looking at him, said:

I have seen you before, my man. Your head is familiar to me. You are James Jacobs, and Arthur Orton Wyche the highwayman, for whose apprehension I have a reward of fifty pounds. Constable, secure him, and there is other blood upon your hands, if what this old woman says is true."

So they dragged him away to jail. And he was tried, found guilty of the charge against him, and to know of his hanging at Tyburn, on a bit of cloth—a piece of plum-colored coat.

Jacob son had been a highwayman, and a gay one, and of the scrapes of blood, she was the murderer of Master Jackson, and in one's words, back to the parents who had unjustly driven their daughter to ruin. The warman whose handsome face and gallant manner won her innocent sympathy.

Mistress Jackson, the old maid-servant, and the lady of the house, were all present at the execution that night to see Jacob son hung in chains on the gallows-tree, and they saw the piece of plum-colored cloth, which had been the means of detecting the assassin; but he was never traced to any one connected so nearly as many murderers do with their crime. He was never heard of again at all, and only poor old Mistress Jackson remembered it.

She, poor soul, had been most cruelly treated by her loss. She lay for weeks upon the verge of insanity, a bit of cloth in her hand, and there she at last stood, and there she was found by her friends, and there she remained for years, and there she died, and was buried with her husband, and her great trouble put upon her. She was poor, and had to live upon the charity of friends, for the few guineas left pittance to live upon. There had been many thousand pounds in those locked chests, but they had always been very comfortable in her husband's lifetime, and she had never thought of economy.

But she is not, she must do the best she could, and was, in her extremity, driven to the trict to save her little store for a time when she should be helpless. And when that time came, perhaps, be forced to ask charity of her friends. But she was a proud maid her head high, and been proud of her self-respect.

Needle-work was about the only sort of lucrative employment to women in her day, unless it might be domestic service; and Mistress Jackson would have starved among the rich rather than go into servitude.

Patching and mending were her great points. And so she was willing to do such work in those days. Even rich people did not discard clothes for small imperfections, and cloth were rather proud of many-dainty dame.

Mistress Jackson's fame in this line soon was bruited by careful, housewives by the neighborhood, and she had more work than she could do. She had a good, neat, and quiet manner besides. She had grown very silent and reserved since the murder of her husband, and for which she always kept that little piece of plum-colored cloth, and which came to the place enriched, as though she hoped that it would some day be of service.

I'm great at gentlemen's coats. I can make them look as well as new as any tailor in the city," she told her lady would say, when she found herself in the midst of a crowd of good-natured ladies, "and I'm sure I can make the best of a bad state of affairs, or get some done right for a reasonable price."

I will go relief. I'll advertise for a housekeeper."

"Oh, no! I don't like having strangers in the house," she would say.

"Never! The ungrateful, disobeying girl! Never! I shall not have a stranger spending me. She did, and so shall abide by her word.

"Jacob, I should think six years might have softened your heart. You have been a novel, or try to stop my saying what I intend to do. I am going to advertise for a housekeeper, and I will have her in my house—and I'm sure you have no right to say anything against it."

Three years had passed since Master Jacob son's murder, and the old man lay in his bed, and body together with her needle, when, to her great surprise, he said that he would not say anything more, and brought his wife in it. He was a dreadful miser, and considered a penny, with a foreign piece of money in her hair on his face and head than Englishmen ever with his wife, and Mistress Jackson despoke English as one native born. He spent his money freely, and thought that all the tradespeople in a way that won their liking. She was glad that he was going to spend money that is always a hard season for the poor.

"Jacob," she said, "I am glad to see that you are not quite so close-fisted as you were the day she put her thimble on her finger and her needle in her hair, and went up and down the road to the fine house where the new family lived, and asked to see Mrs. Jacobs.

"I'm a poor widow woman, my lady," she said, "and understand that you want some fine linen. I've not a torn thing of my own."

But I'm a good housekeeper, and can do costs or breeches with any one," said Mistress Jacobs.

"Well, then I have work for you," said the lady. "There is a set of sheets, and some old clothes up stairs, every one tattered, and almost worn out. Can you do it, careless fellow. I'll have them mended, and make him wear them. Come up with me."

And she led the way up stairs, and opened a great chest, and tumbled out upon the floor a quantity of man's garments, bandanas in quality, and scarcely soiled, but many of them much torn.

Here are waistcoats with the pockets cut, and a pair of coats in rent across, and a coat with a piece of the sleeve gone," said the wife. "Such a good coat, too—plum-colored cloth, no less."

From the house came an elderly woman, who with a kind, gentle manner relieved her of the little black bonnet she was grasping, and handing them to the child, said:

"Take mamma's bonnet and shawl and put them away. See how tired she is."

Then turning again to her friend, she said: "Now, Mrs. Fisher, I hope it brings you some good news. I could hardly wait your coming to know."

With a sad look and shake of her head, which the child could not see, the lady replied: "The letter was opened and read in silence. Then pointing it to the end of the page, she said: "Read that, Mrs. Ellis."

I have long since ceased to hope for good news," she said.

Then opening the paper, she turned to a marked paragraph, and read aloud:

"Wanted, a few miles in the country, a middle-aged lady, as housekeeper. Must come well recommended, and be thoroughly acquainted with her duties. To such a one a liberal salary will be given. Address J. P., Box 88, City P. O."

After a moment's silence, during which the elder woman seemed waiting some explanation, the other said:

"Some friend has sent me this. But how could I hope to obtain the position? Oh, if I could only!"

"Your child although I would grieve to lose you, I think you could. In the country you could have your sewing with your needle. But how can you? You are so far away."

"I will answer the advertisement and try, at least," she said.

Jacob Foster looked in perfect dismay at the pile of letters in answer to his advertisement. How should he decide? Rachel's advice was of no assistance, for her mature years and her utter inexperience in the affairs of life rendered unfit to advise. Besides, Rachel was not to be consulted.

After a moment's silence, during which the elder woman seemed waiting some explanation, the other said:

Some friend has sent me this. But how could I hope to obtain the position? Oh, if I could only!"

"Your child although I would grieve to lose you, I think you could. In the country you could have your sewing with your needle. But how can you? You are so far away."

"I will answer the advertisement and try, at least," she said.

Jacob Foster looked in perfect dismay at the pile of letters in answer to his advertisement. How should he decide? Rachel's advice was of no assistance, for her mature years and her utter inexperience in the affairs of life rendered unfit to advise. Besides, Rachel was not to be consulted.

Then pouring a little more into a tumbler of water, he turned to his wife, who was sitting by the bed, and said:

"Now, Rachel, you must eat this. It will do you good. Come, open your mouth like a little bird, and I will feed you."

Then opening the paper, she turned to a marked paragraph, and read aloud:

"Wanted, a few miles in the country, a middle-aged lady, as housekeeper. Must come well recommended, and be thoroughly acquainted with her duties. To such a one a liberal salary will be given. Address J. P., Box 88, City P. O."

After a moment's silence, during which the elder woman seemed waiting some explanation, the other said:

"

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

WHAT MAKES A MAN A GENTLEMAN?

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

"What makes a man a gentleman?
Answer me fairly, if you can.
Is it position, wealth or fame?
Is it the purse or the coat of arms?"
"It is not money that makes a man
A courteous, genuine gentleman;
For wealth, though vast and misplaced,
May fly away on wings of steel."

"What makes a man a gentleman?
Answer me, ladies, if you can.
Is it the clothes he wears?"
"No matter though the life be base?"
"It is not beauty that makes a man
A gentleman, I guess certain.
Trifle to the verdict of matron and maid;
Beauty is like the rose bloom."

"What makes a man a gentleman?
Answer me, children, if you can.
Is it the color with his skin?"
Is it the colors the tailors spill?"
"Nor tailor nor barber can make a man
A modest, obliging gentleman;
For tailors can only fit the human vest
May only make him a dressy beast."

"What makes a man a gentleman?
Answer me, any one who can.
Is it a manner brusque and blunt?
It is a home with a brown, stone front?"
"No siren manners can make a man
A gentleman, I guess certain.
He who carves his gentlemanly name
Is cold and hard as his house of stone."

"What makes a man a gentleman?
Answer me, Christians, if you can.
Is it to strike down the weak?
Is it to 'out' the friends you meet?"
"No! he is a knave, and a sneak!
Nor the stride he takes, a gentleman;
The Book of books' has taught us all,
That pride of heart precedes a fall."

"What makes a man a gentleman?
Answer me, reader, if you can.
Is it shame and shoddy and sheer pretence?
Is it the pride of aristocracy?"
"This is what makes the gentleman:
A heart be feel, and a head to plan;
A gentle soul, and a love concrete,
With courage to fight our battles here."

"What makes a man a gentleman?
Answer me, young or old, if you can.
Is it the kind he reads?"
Is it the church which he takes a interest?"
"The spirit to do the good you can,
And lie is a saint, who only cares
To hear the angels sweetly chanting on airs."

A BONE of CONTENTION;
OR,
The Waldemar Succession.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE MARRIAGE MYSTERY," "THE MAID OF MYSTERY," "THE MAN-HATER," "THE OLD LION'S OBLIGATION," "A DARING GAME," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

MORE'S ANNOYANCE AND PERPLEXITY.

While Bing was attending with such unscrupulous devotion to his own private affairs at Southport, Darrel Moor was applying himself with industry to the task of winning the hand of Miss Floyd, in Yorkshire.

He was not long in finding an opportunity, in connection with the hunting, to attend to some of his brother's business matters. The case of Homer Gilsid is bound, sooner or later, to end in Bing's evil employer in laying vigorous siege to the heart of his unsuspecting sweetheart, Delorice.

The old adage that "it is better to be off with the old love before you are on with the new," is not to be found in Darrel Moor's code. He was a vein of rich humor in his character at times impelled him to acts of dangerous boldness, and, in the present case, the delicate considerations to be made. He believed that, from "motives unknown," Bing was engaged to sir Hugh Tregenna the heir to her guardians, and he knew that, should Bing, by Gilsid's absence at the East, Honor had no chance to win the heart of the baronet, and at the same time the slightest scandal, were afloat accepting the Barrowl.

Honor's love with Sir Hugh," he said to himself, with all the jealousy of one who has a right to be jealous, "could be made to cease act her to let him know that she is legally bound to one. I am of the opinion that once at least," he added, his brows darkening with an implacable resolve, "I will do so to-night. Nothing shall stand between me and my love."

There was more complexity in those simple words than appears upon their face. Well, while evil designs were at work, conspiring in his heart as serpents writhe in their nest, he was playing the part of a gallant, and apparently light-hearted, and full of plans for the entertainment of Miss Floyd.

Lord Waldemar's business manager, Grimstead, had written to his lordship that he believes a love-affair, and was in consultation for another of superior beauty that had been retained for Ballard and Bing. Honor, with one for Darrel Moor, were ordered round with all speed to London, and Bing, attended by a groom in green and gold livery, set out for a gallop through the park and over the estate.

Miss Floyd was attired in a dark blue habit, a tall hat with a drooping plume, and worn half invisible. She carried a small pocket-whip. Her fair hair was not confined by array in braids, and she appeared as most women do in the midst of summer scenes. She was a skillful horse-woman as her critical companion was forced to acknowledge.

The would attract attention even upon the London Park, he thought. Indeed, he had been aware of her beauty when he met her on her way to the hunting-field, and had remarked that high-bred, patrician air that distinguished Honor Floyd. The wife of Waldemar my proud, grand-eyed Honor would make! What a pity that she should be cast down in this girl's place! Then my love and my interest could have been united.

He sighed, and set aside such thoughts to listen to his companion, who was at that time listened to them, unfavorably to her own proportion to their extravagances. Honor speedily discovered the superiority of her mind and the fact that his flattery must be engaged and spirited to the highest pitch to make any impression whatever.

When the groom and many legends connected with the Manor," said Darrel Moor, as they rode slowly through the park, "and the ancestors of the race, under the archery butts, you have an odd story about that old oak yonder, which was a tree that William the Conqueror planted in England. The story is to the last degree romantic. Would you like to hear it?"

"No," said Miss Floyd, shrugging her shoulders, "I don't like to hear of those old stories about dead people. And I don't like legends. I am a practical person, and have no romance in my nature. I suppose I shall have the same, when I come to possess Waldemar Court. Comin Darrel?" she asked abruptly, and impatiently, "have you any property of your own?"

"At present," answered Moor carelessly, "I am in receipt of an annual princely annual allowance from my uncle. You are aware how fond I am to have been here. But even how I shall not fare so badly, for he will leave me a very unusual property at his death."

Now Darrel Moor had secret misgivings that his uncle had changed all his plans in regard to him, and he knew that his prospects of a large inheritance were exceedingly dubious, but he did not choose to enlighten Miss Floyd.

"Then you will be a rich man," said the latter, "and I am glad of it, for I am poor as a rat. It's a pity that my grandfather should provide his property, is it not? The Floyd and Waldemar estates ought to go together. If I were mistress of them all, I should be one of the richest women in England."

"That is true," assented Moor, adding gallantly, "as you are already the most beautiful. What a sensation you will make in London!"

"Do you think so?" demanded Miss Floyd, her eyes sparkling, as she drew her well-dressed lady at court. I shall wear the gayest, denser diamonds, and I shall be envied and admired—all the more for living in a way, like those on the stage, you know. And I shall marry—yes, I know I can marry a duke, perhaps."

"You have no need to marry for ambition, Hilda," said Moor. "You ought to marry for love."

Miss Floyd started, and shot a furtive glance at her cavalier from beneath her drooping lashes. She was a little puzzled, for Moor's words seemed to have touched her at a sensitive point.

Darrel Moor was surprised at the effect of his words, and was quick to perceive his advantage.

"She's left some lover behind her at Inverness," he said to himself. "I am not first in her field. I wonder what the fellow is like? He must be a fool, and I will relieve her from the race."

He sat his teeth together, drawing his breath hard. If anything had been needed to spur him on in his unfortunate course, it was the discovery that Hilda Floyd was not to be easy a prize to be had unstripped. She did not love her, but he was determined now, let what would happen, that Lady Grimstead should not have her.

"I wonder you never married, Comin Darrel," said Miss Floyd, with a toss of her head, her whip at her lips, and her manner full of preoccupied manner.

"I have been inclined to marry once or twice," said Moor, smiling, "but my uncle put his veto upon the match. You see, cousin Hilda, he's a perfect autocrat. I fancied myself in love with Lady Grimstead several years ago, and I wanted to marry her badly. But my uncle was her guardian, you see, and, as I was a pauper, he thought he should cast his property to the winds. It was as well, perhaps, for Lady Grimstead married afterward, and raised her husband through gambling and horse-racing to one of the races. I assure you I speak the truth. She had a regular betting book, and was a sportsman. She was what is called fast, and had a fine reputation among the ladies. Perhaps her business complicated and disgusted me much. Why, she even entered her own horses at Epsom, were well known and familiarly about 'Lady Green's little roan.' Her horses are in fact, I remember, now she's now on the Continent somewhere, in splendid obscurity, while I, he added, sighing, "am sending before a new shrine, and with a new divinity to adore."

"I suppose you have been at many shrines since Lady Green-today," observed Miss Floyd, with a toss of her head. "I never loved any one, Lady Green, included; I believed myself born without a heart, but I have many times changed to the vital apparatus. But I have discovered myself at last. Darrel, I am in love at first sight, Hilda!"

"I think you are. Hilda! in love at first sight."

"I have done so," said Moor, urged on by his temerity and by the spur of the moment, he had intended. "Your beauty has conquered a heart that I had thought invulnerable."

Miss Floyd smiled, apparently well pleased at this flattering tribute to personal charms, smiled face flushed, and her blue eyes sparkled. She was a coquette, and Moor, who had waited for her answer, knew that it was great to his advantage.

This encouraged, Darrel Moor proceeded in the declaration of his passion, which he had long eulogized her beauty, and described himself as suffering all the agonies of a lover who was ostracized her to have compassion upon him and save his life.

His request was well made, considering that his companion was a young woman of romance, a ruling passion strong in death, and that his auditor seemed so little moved by it.

"Such a narrative would delight my uncle," he mused, as Miss Floyd did not reply. "Mag, I tell him that I am in love at last."

"No, you may not," replied the young lady with a toss of her head. "I like you, Darrel, and you can't expect me to marry you on any engagement immediately after you have declared it. I want to see the world before I make myself so paltry. I think you very handsome and nice, and I like your conversation, but when I shall have seen more of society I may mind this. At present I am heart-whole, handsome and titled, and if I should, you would be one of the first to know it."

Moor's face flushed with anger.

"Shall I tell you what I expect?" he said. "Shall I tell you of your fascinating deceptions? Shall I tell him that you have won my heart, and then trifled with it, to gain admiration for yourself?"

Miss Floyd looked startled. In truth, she was afraid of Lord Waldemar, and dared not offend him. She had observed the intimate acquaintance between Lord Waldemar's grandchild and Darrel Moor, and was aware of the relationship. She was instantly upon her guard, and her manner changed to one of coldness.

"I would not have you misunderstand me," said, "because if I don't be may serve me as he served Bing, he can't expect me to marry you, or engage myself to you, on a day's acquaintance. You are unreasonable in the matter. Give me a little time in which to know you better, and then perhaps I will be kind."

The request was so reasonable that even Darrel Moor's impatience could not refuse to accede to it.

During the remaining residence, cried him, his wise trending with anger and bitterness, he was able to keep himself under a tolerable control.

Lord Waldemar replied by taking up a packet of papers from his desk, and handing them to his nephew.

"Read these," he said. "Grimstead has had them made out with all proper form. Sign in his presence in the library, and I am giving you a guinea before witnesses in the morning. Then you will have a right to the land which I have to the estate of Waldemar Cypresses, Darrel. I have a letter here in which I intend to announce to the world my

"I was not cut out for the army, sir," interrupted Moor, indignantly, "nor for the law, professions. I won't turn to work, after living like a gentleman, to be a drudge. I have a thousand horse in Huntingdonshire, a pack of hounds, and a large establishment. I have my opinions, and I have two hundred pounds a year. I am not to be bought off with a paltry thousand pounds. I am not to be driven to obey the summons, not without misgivings and misgivings, to the apartment of Miss Floyd, to ship the particulars of his proposal to her. He found Lady Grimstead, who reclined in a lounging chair before his warm hearth, his self-possession, and his determination to be master of the situation.

Miss Floyd was attired with his breast face and front-view with a number of rich and costly dressing-gowns and other articles of figure. A little table, littered with letters and papers, was at her elbow.

At the first glance Moor saw that his lordship's business had been of a disagreeable character, and he breathed more freely.

"Miss Floyd, and he breathed more freely.

"Miss Floyd," he said, with a cavalier, pointing to a chair. "I have called you here to say that I am in love with you, and that I have an the Manor House, Yorkshire, and myself in better health than when I came from town. Some of them are upon business, and some are for my own. I shall, I fear, have to go back to town immediately, and shall be glad to have you with me. Are you about yourself?"

"If you request you go so soon, uncle."

"A lady should never be a party to any interest is to be brought before the House on the subject. I am depended upon to make a speech that is expected to carry it. It has already passed the Lords and Commons, and lose this opportunity of distinguishing myself, or of showing my independence, I shall really believe to be for the good of the country, the more especially as I am aware that it is one that there is a strong party in the House of Commons opposed to it. Therefore, I shall remain here a few days longer. So say duty calls me to my post."

"Will you break up the household at the Manor, my lord?"

"I shall be obliged to do so. I shall take my grandchild her with me to town, but I am not decided to introduce her to society this season. She is but seventeen. I would like her to see a little more of the world before she is presented at the Court. I am going to take a course of solid reading, and to pay particular attention to music. To tell you the truth, Darrell," and Lord Waldemar sighed heavily, "I am a little disappointed in the girl, although it was little enough I expected of her. Heaven knows."

"She is certainly beautiful, uncle."

"Yes, and she has a fine voice. She'll face. Indeed, I had hoped to have had a handsome drawing-room, and I shall be envied and admired—all the more for living in a way, like those on the stage, you know. And I shall marry—yes, I know I can marry a duke, perhaps."

"You have no need to marry for ambition, Hilda," said Moor. "You ought to marry for love."

Miss Floyd started, and shot a furtive glance at her cavalier from beneath her drooping lashes. She was a little puzzled, for Moor's words seemed to have touched her at a sensitive point.

Darrel Moor was surprised at the effect of his words, and was quick to perceive his advantage.

"She's left some lover behind her at Inverness," he said to himself. "I am not first in her field. I wonder what the fellow is like? He must be a fool, and I will relieve her from the race."

He sat his teeth together, drawing his breath hard. If anything had been needed to spur him on in his unfortunate course, it was the discovery that Hilda Floyd was not to be easy a prize to be had unstripped. She did not love her, but he was determined now, let what would happen, that Lady Grimstead should not have her.

"I wonder you never married, Comin Darrel," said Miss Floyd, with a toss of her head, her whip at her lips, and her manner full of preoccupied manner.

"I have been inclined to marry once or twice," said Moor, smiling, "but my uncle put his veto upon the match. You see, cousin Hilda, he's a perfect autocrat. I fancied myself in love with Lady Grimstead several years ago, and I wanted to marry her badly. But my uncle was her guardian, you see, and, as I was a pauper, he thought he should cast his property to the winds. It was as well, perhaps, for Lady Grimstead married afterward, and raised her husband through gambling and horse-racing to one of the races. I assure you I speak the truth. She had a regular betting book, and was a sportsman. She was what is called fast, and had a fine reputation among the ladies. Perhaps her business complicated and disgusted me much. Why, she even entered her own horses at Epsom, were well known and familiarly about 'Lady Green's little roan.' Her horses are in fact, I remember, now she's now on the Continent somewhere, in splendid obscurity, while I, he added, sighing, "am sending before a new shrine, and with a new divinity to adore."

"I suppose you have been at many shrines since Lady Green-today," observed Miss Floyd, with a toss of her head. "I never loved any one, Lady Green, included; I believed myself born without a heart, but I have many times changed to the vital apparatus. But I have discovered myself at last. Darrel, I am in love at first sight, Hilda!"

"I think you are. Hilda! in love at first sight."

"I have done so," said Moor, urged on by his temerity and by the spur of the moment, he had intended. "Your beauty has conquered a heart that I had thought invulnerable."

Miss Floyd smiled, apparently well pleased at this flattering tribute to personal charms, smiled face flushed, and her blue eyes sparkled. She was a coquette, and Moor, who had waited for her answer, knew that it was great to his advantage.

This encouraged, Darrel Moor proceeded in the declaration of his passion, which he had long eulogized her beauty, and described himself as suffering all the agonies of a lover who was ostracized her to have compassion upon him and save his life.

His request was well made, considering that his companion was a young woman of romance, a ruling passion strong in death, and that his auditor seemed so little moved by it.

"Such a narrative would delight my uncle," he mused, as Miss Floyd did not reply. "Mag, I tell him that I am in love at last."

"No, you may not," replied the young lady with a toss of her head. "I like you, Darrel, and you can't expect me to marry you on any engagement immediately after you have declared it. I want to see the world before I make myself so paltry. I think you very handsome and nice, and I like your conversation, but when I shall have seen more of society I may mind this. At present I am heart-whole, handsome and titled, and if I should, you would be one of the first to know it."

Moor's face flushed with anger.

"Shall I tell you what I expect?" he said. "Shall I tell you of your fascinating deceptions? Shall I tell him that you have won my heart, and then trifled with it, to gain admiration for yourself?"

Miss Floyd looked startled. In truth, she was afraid of Lord Waldemar, and dared not offend him. She had observed the intimate acquaintance between Lord Waldemar's grandchild and Darrel Moor, and was aware of the relationship. She was instantly upon her guard, and her manner changed to one of coldness.

"I would not have you misunderstand me," said, "because if I don't be may serve me as he served Bing, he can't expect me to marry you, or engage myself to you, on a day's acquaintance. You are unreasonable in the matter. Give me a little time in which to know you better, and then perhaps I will be kind."

The request was so reasonable that even Darrel Moor's impatience could not refuse to accede to it.

During the remaining residence, cried him, his wise trending with anger and bitterness, he was able to keep himself under a tolerable control.

Lord Waldemar replied by taking up a packet of papers from his desk, and handing them to his nephew.

"Read these," he said. "Grimstead has had them made out with all proper form. Sign in his presence in the library, and I am giving you a guinea before witnesses in the morning. Then you will have a right to the land which I have to the estate of Waldemar Cypresses, Darrel. I have a letter here in which I intend to announce to the world my

"I was not cut out for the army, sir," interrupted Moor, indignantly, "nor for the law, professions. I won't turn to work, after living like a gentleman, to be a drudge. I have a thousand horse in Huntingdonshire, a pack of hounds, and a large establishment. I have my opinions, and I have two hundred pounds a year. I am not to be bought off with a paltry thousand pounds. I am not to be driven to obey the summons, not without misgivings and misgivings, to the apartment of Miss Floyd, to ship the particulars of his proposal to her. He found Lady Grimstead, who reclined in a lounging chair before his warm hearth, his self-possession, and his determination to be master of the situation.

Miss Floyd was attired with his breast face and front-view with a number of rich and costly dressing-gowns and other articles of figure. A little table, littered with letters and papers, was at her elbow.

At the first glance Moor saw that his lordship's business had been of a disagreeable character, and he breathed more freely.

"Miss Floyd," he said, with a cavalier, pointing to a chair. "I have called you here to say that I am in love with you, and that I have an the Manor House, Yorkshire, and myself in better health than when I came from town. Some of them are upon business, and some are for my own. I shall, I fear, have to go back to town immediately, and shall be glad to have you with me. Are you about yourself?"

"If you request you go so soon, uncle."

"A lady should never be a party to any interest is to be brought before the House on the subject. I am depended upon to make a speech that is expected to carry it. It has already passed the Lords and Commons, and lose this opportunity of distinguishing myself, or of showing my independence, I shall really believe to be for the good of the country, the more especially as I am aware that it is one that there is a strong party in the House of Commons opposed to it. Therefore, I shall remain here a few days longer. So say duty calls me to my post."

"Will you break up the household at the Manor, my lord?"

"I shall be obliged to do so. I shall take my grandchild her with me to town, but I am not decided to introduce her to society this season. She is but seventeen. I would like her to see a little more of the world before she is presented at the Court. I am going to take a course of solid reading, and to pay particular attention to music. To tell you the truth, Darrell," and Lord Waldemar sighed heavily, "I am a little disappointed in the girl, although it was little enough I expected of her. Heaven knows."

"She is certainly beautiful, uncle."

"Yes, and she has a fine voice. She'll face. Indeed, I had hoped to have had a handsome drawing-room, and I shall be envied and admired—all the more for living in a way, like those on the stage, you know. And I shall marry—yes, I know I can marry a duke, perhaps."

"You have no need to marry for ambition, Hilda," said Moor. "You ought to marry for love."

Miss Floyd started, and shot a furtive glance at her cavalier from beneath her drooping lashes. She was a little puzzled, for Moor's words seemed to have touched her at a sensitive point.

Darrel Moor was surprised at the effect of his words, and was quick to perceive his advantage.

"She's left some lover behind her at Inverness," he said to himself. "I am not first in her field. I wonder what the fellow is like? He must be a fool, and I will relieve her from the race."

He sat his teeth together, drawing his breath hard. If anything had been needed to spur him on in his unfortunate course, it was the discovery that Hilda Floyd was not to be easy a prize to be had unstripped. She did not love her, but he was determined now, let what would happen, that Lady Grimstead should not have her.

"I wonder you never married, Comin Darrel," said Miss Floyd, with a toss of her head, her whip at her lips, and her manner full of preoccupied manner.

"I have been inclined to marry once or twice," said Moor, smiling, "but my uncle put his veto upon the match. You see, cousin Hilda, he's a perfect autocrat. I fancied myself in love with Lady Green

THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1872.

OUR TERMS FOR 1873—NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

Single copies, $3 per annum; four copies, $10. Specimen copies will be sent gratis. Back numbers can be had at any time; but it will be unsafe to send Postmasters and others who get up clubs, in their respective towns, each to receive only eight copies at $2.50. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Any person who has received one or more copies in addition to the subscription, is to pay the American postage. When a draft or money-order can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money. It is the duty of every friend of the Ledger in all parts of the country to carry locally cause a spirit of emulation to be excited in the office where the paper is delivered.

☞ We employ no travelling agents. Address all communications to

ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
Corner of William and Spruce sts., New York.

A Wrong that Should be Righted.

In a recent report on railroad accidents in the United States, the appalling statement occurs that since the first day of December, 1871, no less than forty-seven railway employés have been killed while coupling cars, and thirty-six others have been seriously injured. In nearly every case where the accident resulted in death, an inquest was held, and the jury invariably included a recommendation in their verdict, that "no blame attached to the railroad corporation or its employes."

It strikes us that a humane corporation which persistently uses such coupling gear as inevitably exposes its employees to mangling and death, is blamable for the logical results of its course in that matter. When a man employs on a railroad, in the discharge of his duty, is caught between two cars, and crippled for life, he has no claim for damages against the company; and if he is killed, his wife and children have no heart or claim. This is the case, the company is not at all solicitous as to the personal safety of any one employé, or other employé. If he is killed, they get his place in his place. If he is crippled, they discharge him to a life of suffering and poverty, and get another victim to take his place. This is not right. A corporation should be compelled to provide to the utmost possible limit of economy and humanity, for employés who are necessarily exposed to serious danger in the discharge of their duties. And the family of such persons, thus sacrificed, should be liable for the results of its negligence by mismanagement.

Have Courage.

Have courage. It is just as necessary in the conflict of life as on the field of battle.

A thousand enemies oppose you in every great undertaking, however peaceful may be its nature. How many do you think you will overcome then. You do not see, you cannot understand why they should exist. You have calamities in your way: but they do. Such is the ordinance of nature. Have courage, and your opponents will yield.

Have courage. It is not open enemies alone to be will assail you in the battle of your attempt. Secret foes will rise up also. Have courage to encounter the treacherous who, absent at you from behind trees, and in the darkness, as well as you meet them face to face many opponents.

In order to accomplish any great purpose it is absolutely indispensable to have a degree of courage which no amount of resistance, of trouble, of danger can overcome. You have to be firm, and not to will wish, but to will other way. The only true courage is the courage which is founded on conscience, and is unconquerable.

Cold Comfort.

"It will make a man become a thousand years hence," says one. How often we have heard the remark!

We think this a very cold kind of comfort. Suppose it will make no difference a thousand years hence; what difference does that make to us now?

Who wants to wait a thousand years to feel comfortable, or satisfied? or to see things put straight and right, as they ought to be?

We could stand very well to wait a decade lay. We can wait the moving of the waters. But after all, we must confess that we prefer to see the "shifting of time," which the poet tells us "brings all things right," in their pretty fast until it does bring things even.

Justice is dimly justice when it is awful. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. It is all very well to

Learn to labor and to wait;

but we have never seen any one who was anxious to wait longer than was necessary.

Wonderful Increase of Jews.

The rapidity with which the Jewish population of the United States increases passes comprehension.

They are filling every avenue of business and trade. Many important branches are virtually monopolized by them. They are largely in the dry goods line, the trade in horses and cattle, and many kinds of manufactures.

They are becoming our money-changers and bankers.

They are flocking into the learned professions, and filling our law offices and medical colleges.

They swarm, like bees, at our fashionable watering places, and constitute the bulk of the guests at many of the larger and most expensive hotels.

They are growing multitudinous, rich and powerful.

It can also be said of them, as a class, that they are good, peaceable, law-abiding citizens.

—Every old newspaper man will regret to hear of the death of Gideon Lee, who was the owner in fee simple in Europe for the benefit of his health, and died at Geneva on the 16th of July. He was the first man to organize on a solid basis the wholesale news business in the city of New York. One of his death was one of the partners in the American News Company. We knew him well for over twenty-five years, and can conscientiously say that in business circles we never met a more honorable, upright, high-toned gentleman.

IMPROVEMENTS IN STOCK.—One of the most liberal-minded gentlemen engaged in the breeding of fine horses, in the rich county of Orange, is Mr. CHARLES BACKMAN, who resides about four miles from Goshen. It is a pleasure to visit Mr. BACKMAN'S place, for you find that the owner—unlike some of his neighbors—is as well-bred as his horses.

Marriages Performed Three Miles from Shore not Legal.

A California court has just decided that no marriage performed over three miles from shore is legal, and this decision is to advise all "fallen like a bombshell" among scores of families in that State. People not living in California naturally ask why such a decision was made, and also why it should fall like a bombshell among say families whatever.

The reasons for the decision, and also for its startling effects, are to be found in the fact that sloping and romantic couples in California have been in the habit of going out to sea to be married. A domestic difficulty, involving questions of property, arising in the courts, the counsel for one of the parties raised the point of law that, as the jurisdiction of the State extended but three miles from the shore, the powers of clergymen and justices become vacated when they go beyond that line; and consequently, that all couples whose marriage ceremonies were performed beyond the jurisdictional line, are in fact not married at all. The court sustained this point, and hence the startling effects of the decision. It is stated that there was a good deal of scampering, as soon as this decision became known.

The Summer Vacation of Clergymen.

It is well, of course, for the clergymen themselves that they are enabled to spend the hot summer months in the country and leaving temperature of the city. But they are not the only—we had almost said not the greatest—sufferers. The congregations have a grave equal, if not even superior benefit from the absence of their pastors. Congregations in the autumn, to the performance of their pastor's ministrations, are accustomed to look for new life, with fresh thoughts, with buoyant feelings, with brighter hopes and strengthened faith; and rightly so, and may they find it.

But no one say, then, that the hard-worked clergy are not in reality on duty when nominally off duty.

A tired horse must have rest: a tired man must have rest; tired brains must have rest. And it is not easy to find a congregation which is required to effect restoration after labor. We suppose few other people have such legal and clerical friends, in unusual numbers, this summer, as the clergy. Steamboats, the running brooks, and the cool mountains of the delightful country, will ring all their praise in the month in the coming fall and winter.

"We Ain't Good Friends Generally."

North Carolina, since the close of the war, has become the scene of fearful retaliation, reparation for lawlessness and crime. As a specific instance of the kind of occurrences and actions of life are carried on in the "Old North State," we give the following incident, as we find it reported:

"Do you wish to sell that cow?" asked one neighbor of another, as they met in front of the house one of his stray kine.

"Well, no; not a good deal," was the reply.

"Well, I guess I'll take her then."

"That means not at all," said the owner of the cow, drawing a pistol.

Well, it does," coolly replied the other, also drawing his shooting-iron.

Shots were instantly exchanged, and the fusillade was kept up until the pistols were exhausted. Each man was slightly wounded, and one of the bullets lodged in the other drove his cow home. The traveller who witnessed the unexpected affray had the curiosity to ask the cow-driver the meaning of it.

"O nothing 'tickler,' was the reply: 'we ain't good friends generally, and we jes' let's drive whenever we gits an excuse."

Detective, Trial and Conviction of a Forger—Extraordinary Case.

(From the Cortland (N. Y.) Democrat.)

One of the most remarkable cases of forgery of modern times was tried at the recent term of the Circuit Court. The case was brought on change of venue from Ithaca, on the former application of Schuyler county, from whence it was taken to Putnam on a change of venue from the people. The defendant, Wood, is a forger of the worst character, and was fairly tailed to answer to a verdict—driven long for conviction.

The defendant was one James Farnum, a character well known in this county, who was also a skillful and altogether unscrupulous land agent. Farnum had a farm in Virgil, which he sold to Bevier, Stone—and engaging in land and real estate enterprises, as opportunity afforded.

Some two or three years ago, Farnum filed in the Schuyler Private Court, against the estate of John Wood, deceased, a claim for about $1,000. The payment of the note was contested by the administrator on the ground, first, of want of consideration, and second, that the signature of the note being a forgery. The note was first filed in the Private Court in Schuyler county, then in Chicago. Subsequently Farnum claimed that the note had been assigned the name of Peter Wood, and that Wood was a relative of the deceased. Wood, in his answer to the claim of Peter F.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

CAN YOU FORGET THE PLACE—THE HOUR?

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

Can you forget the place—the hour?
'Twas midnight, by the moonlit sky;
From your dark hair a scarlet flower
You plucked and gave to me.
Can you softly turn away
The shining glory of your face,
And listened to my words that turned
And quivered with the love they bore.

Then, as I kissed your blushing cheek,
You turned to mine your dewy eyes,
Filled with the love you could not speak,
And all the world was Paradise.
Can you forget the place—the hour
Kissed like heaven made a holy light
Flowed from the pulsive moon, and gave
Angelic beauty to the night.

And when you spoke, and I divined
How your had loved me from the start—
Loved me in secret long, and shrined
Me in the temple of your heart—
I vowed the best we're telling more
Of good or bright to offer you,
I was the lord of an empire, too,
In that I was beloved by thee.

Can you forget the hour—the place?
We wandered on in bliss supreme,
And when we parted, your fair face
Again trembled mine as in a dream.
Can you forget the place—the hour?
A little month had scarcely fled,
Ere you had laughed at love and faith,
And numbered me as dead.

Can you forget? I see you now,
Serene and fair as summer skies—
No trouble seems to cross your brow,
No shade to dim your eyes.
Can you forget the hour?
That midnight by the moonlit sea!
'Tis the one thing in all the past,
That, that, I wright and fain to see.

THE BLACK DOCTOR;

OR, THE

Prophecy of the Voodoo King.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SPANISH RULE IN LOUISIANA.

By WILLIAM HENRY PECK,
Professor of History in the University of the State of Louisiana.

CHAPTER XVII.

JUAN SWEARS AGAIN.

It was not until noon that the squalid consciousness of the purchaser returned to command, so that he had no opportunity to come to terms with Perez before that hour.

But at noon the shop was left alone with Gonzara, and he closed the street door and shop window shutters, as he often had done before. He had other plans for dealing with the public. The hour of noon was not one of them.

He went into the little den of a rear room. Sancho Perez had already begun to feel the fever, and was just taking his seat at the table as Gonzara entered the door, and closed and locked it behind him.

"Diablos! it is well," growled the convict. "I expected each moment to see the face of Juan the Senor or the other, Ivan, return; and that before I should have a chance to put my secret instructions in case they—the Senor and Ivan—do come."

And for what should they come, my dear Captain?" asked Gonzara, in his most dovey vocality.

The pawnbroker was sick at heart, and weary in body. He had come to see in his sister his recognition of Perez on the day before. He did not hope to have a good night's sleep, nay, not even an hour's sound sleep, while this truculent bagnard and convict remained in Cuba.

"Pef! You heard all that I said to Juan," replied Perez.

"I heard, and I wondered, my dear Captain, but way I die in a dieh if I could comprehend it."

"Bosh! While the Senor and Ivan remain in Texas at the rear of the ship, I heard not understanded all they said. Eh?"

"Bravo! I suspected that, and I feared each instant that the hawk-faced one called Ivan might imagine that a listening ear was not far off," said Gonzara. But the strings of old clothes hide the door, and even the wall of the partition."

"They would not have found the door easy to open, and by the time they could have opened it I should have gotten into your bed, as we had agreed upon, Juan."

And I would have sait that you were a friend to the Senor that I am not, my Captain. That would have put the intruders to speed flight."

"Ay, but at the expense of loss of your communication bet'ween you and them. Diablos! It is well as it is."

"But what did you learn by overhearing their conversation, my dear Captain? Anything very extraordinary, no doubt, or you would not have spoken to me as you did."

"You have heard of a Cuenish *rendeita*?"

"Certainly; who has not? Every Cuenish is cherished and follow a scheme of congenial for the Cuenish nations. But this Senor and Ivan are Russians."

"The Russians have their *rendeita* as well as the Cuenicans," said Perez. "I think the mystery of Isadora Raymundo is a Russian *rendeita* of mingled love and hate. Listen, I will relate an instance of Russian *rendeita* of which I have read:

"A peasant living in a village near Arc'angel, in Russia, killed the Count in a quarrel, but in such a way that he was not suspected of the crime; and he would never have been brought to justice had not Vanka, a fellow-peasant, been present at the time of the deed. Now, Vanka was a man of great ambitious, and every day as he passed the house of his angel in the street'—they never speak by particular angel, those Russians—he felt an inner yearning to tell what he had seen."

"He was a simpleton, my dear Captain. Never fear that of me. I have learned to silents nor angels."

"Diablos!" said Perez, smiting the table. "Don't interrupt me. I am not at the pith of the story yet. I real it in a book, and it is good one—I mean the story—and is true. Listen!

"The murderer, watching Vanka day and night, observed that he prospered very much, and crossed himself very often, as though he were deeply troubled in mind. He said to Vanka what was the matter with him. He said that he had killed a man, and that unless Vanka would tell what he had seen he would be on his mind. Diablos! What could the murderer do? Let on and be murder Paulovitch. What could Paulovitch do? He could threaten Vanka that he would go to him pro posedly that which he had done by accident to a better man—you see Paulovitch had not intended to kill his father."

"I understand. Go on, my dear Captain."

"He said to Vanka in a resolute tone:

"Listen to me, Vanka. If you are a fool; but you would not like to have a knife in your back.'

"'I don't take care of me,' said Vanka.

"'Mind me, then,' said Paulovitch.

"'I will have your father killed.'

"Vanka was so much frightened that he went to the police that very night and told them all he knew; on which Paulovitch was arrested, tried and sentenced to the silver lie on the public works—the mines. Vanka was of course the main witness, and on his evidence the judge gave the sentence. Paulovitch was held out calm as he heard the sentence and like-labor in the mines read out. Vanka watched as you do, sometimes—as I do, do also. When Ivan I see thespirit of Angelica Perez in his face. He looked at Paulovitch turned to Vanka and said, in a clear, firm voice, 'Vanka! remember what I say to-day. day is your day. My day in years away, you hope. I am going to Siberia. Some day I am coming back. I shall go to your house. There

SENOR GONARA INTRODUCING HIS SLAVE RAYMUNDO TO DON SEBASTIAN.

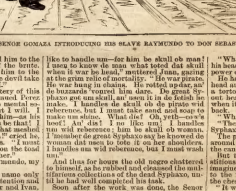
I will kill you. You know me? Years went by, and the threat, forgotten by every one else, was remembered only by Vanka, who expected every night to be his last. Well, one morning Vanka was found dead in his bed, his throat was cut from ear to ear. In a drinking shop near by away lay Paulovitch, dead drunk. He had made his escape from the mines; he had come back to Russia, and on Asiatic Russia; he had climbed the Ural mountains; he had walked through the whole length of Siberia—travelling in a pilgrim's garb, and changing the pilgrim's song, until he arrived at Archangel. Then he had left that capital, then he crept out, and drew his knife across the throat of the sleeping Vanka. Diablos! as had I been Paulovitch," said Perez, his eyes flaming like those of a hungry tiger as the beast laps blood, "I would have waked Vanka. I would have cried, 'Behold! I am Paulovitch! This is my day!' Yours has been? Ah! it is mine. Die miserable!' and as he spoke he cut a deep and long gash across the top of the table with his dagger.

"And served him right, my dear Captain," the terrified pawnbroker hastened to say. "Never fear my faith to you, my dear Captain."

"Bah! I am not afraid of you," replied the Russian—travelling in a pilgrim's garb, and changing the pilgrim's song, until he arrived at Archangel. But I was afraid that—that—then he crept out, and drew his knife across the throat of the sleeping Vanka. Diablos! as had I been Paulovitch," said Perez, his eyes

"What is, if the Senor wishes to purchase a Voodoo doctor. You heard all I said to Juan. You have the hint. I am by the pretended mulatto Voodoo priest, doctor, wizard, magician, and Madame Raymundo."

"Oh! you amuse me, my dear Captain!" replied Gonzara, who added to himself, rather that the Captain is really mad in the head—that he has been driven crazy by remorse within. I wish to be rid of his presence in Cuba—if only for a week. In a week I can do my business out and in, and be off for England. He will fall over yonder in New Orleans. He is no longer dangerous. Lucky. He may be killed over there; but he has always been such a lucky fellow—a lucky scamp, that I am sure he will come back, and then there will be



"What dat?" demanded Juan, stretching his head toward Ivan, with all the elongating power of his long and skinny neck.

He had, the instant of the crash, drawn his head and limbs as it were into his body, like a tortoise when affrighted. Now he thrust out head and hands, much as a tortoise does when it feels the smart of a coal of fire on its back.

"What dat?" he cried.

"The pot has broken. The cane of the dead Senor has fallen upon the broken pottles.

The pawnbroker's warning of the old negro servant that dead had jarred the mantel, and the cane had fallen upon the broken bottles.

But he had not been aware to the superstitious mind of Juan. His was a mind to imagine and to seize upon omens. He crossed over to the floor and touched his forehead upon the cane, muttering and mumbling:

"It was dar all de time—all de time I war cleanin' out wrahks' and bottles—all de time runnin'! An I nebber seed it dar. It war dar, de Voodoo cane ob de great Scrpiaxo—a wrahk ob he—an' I nebber knowed it. I nebber seed it. I nebber knowed it. Diablos!"

"What degradation of superstition do we see in this old man?" said Ivan to the Senor.

"So much the better," replied Don Sebastian. "We know now that nothing can tempt him to be unfaithful to his oath, sworn on the Voodoo chest."

CHAPTER XVIII.

PEREZ ALSO TAKES AN OATH.

"Come, Juan," continued the Senor, "you see that the Voodoo cane of Sephaxo has heard your oath."

"What can Captain Perez say in de shop?" thought Juan. "What make dat noise in de shop? Dat Perez he break de cane ob he on de bottles. Yah—but why de bottles break? Dat cause de spirit ob de great Sephaxo make um bus' jus' den. What make de spirit ob de great Sephaxo bus' de bottles? De fallin' ob de Voodoo cane. Yah—but why de Voodoo cane fall? Dat cause de spirit ob de great Sephaxo make um bus' de bottles. Yah—but den? Dat it! Dis ole niggah Voodooed by de Senor. Dis ole niggah Voodooed by de ole Captain Perez! And I's 'ware to be de dog ob Captain Perez! Yah—but I's 'ware to be de dog ob de Senor! Yah—but I's 'ware to be de dogs—dat's me—dat's me—dat's de Senor's dogs—dat's me—an' each odder—dat's me—an' each odder—dat's me—Juan—Juan—Juan! Yah—but who de Juan? Oh! What dem people want wid de ole niggah Juan?"

"Juan," said the Senor, after whispering with Ivan, "will the negro remember his oath, doctors, or priests, do you think?"

"Juan will remember," answered again, in his deepest tones, Diablos! Diablos! his voice.

"Yesh, Massa, I knows true," he replied.

"Then I shall wish the old man to be the most expert t'"

"Expert? Let me see. Dat mean best. Why, Massa, since de deff ob de great Sephaxo I's de best Voodoo king, sah—not counts Voodoo priest in Cuba, sah, as mulatto who has Voodoo chest, sah. I's de best."

"Ah, to the pawnbroker."

"Yesh, Massa, I knows true," he said dat Voodoo chest, sah. I tink dat Gonzara hab him hid out in de country, sah."

"And what know you of this Gonzara?"

"He usen to lib in New Orleans sah. He knew dat I was so much ole dat I was 'ware to speak Spanish, English an' a little French. He tink I was stupid—so he lose he nose."

The Senor smiled.

"He usen to be poor?"

"Years to me," thought Juan. "dat de capten he tink I was poor. Yah—yah—yah!"

"Yesh, massa," he continued aloud, "dat Gonzara he poor. He hab no slaves, sah. He hab no money. He hab no nuttin' but he shop. I nebber believe him a Voodoo doctor. I nebber seed him. I nebber knowed Raymundo."

"Why?" exclaimed the Senor and Ivan simultaneously.

"Raymundo middler, sah."

"Yes; but what name was that you spoke? I demanded Don Sebastian quickly.

"Raymundo, sah. De name ob de Voodoo king dat I was 'ware to be, sah."

"His name is Raymundo?"

"Yesh, Massa, Raymundo."

"Indeed Raymundo!"

"Yesh, Massa, de name. Isadora Raymundo."

"It is very strange, Ivan," remarked the Senor.

"It is very strange too, that the pawnbroker had speak of the name in that connexion to you, Senor," replied Ivan.

"I no like de razor-faced white man," thought Juan. "If I war not so ole an' black I know de razor-faced man would catch de colored bidalgo in a lie. Dat what's yer?"

"The pawnbroker may have mentioned it," said the Senor, reflecting. "But as he talked fast, and invented many lies, I may not have noted all that he said. But we will see this Voodoo priest. You can find him for me, Juan?"

"I must find' see Senor Gonzara, sah. He will tell me what to find Raymundo."

"Do so. And now you may go—in turn you please well to-morrow morning, Juan. Remember that you are to tell me all that you are in my service, and that you are soon to leave New Orleans. If you do, I will reward you."

"Dem ten dogs—dat's me," thought Juan, as he left the room, "prime to be worked each oder ob' long! How I 'gwine to get two masters? I take de solution ob dat riddle wid reference to dat chest. Dat Voodoo got me to die yesh."

That night saw him in the rear room of the pawnbroker's shop, and the next day he had passed to Captain Perez. He was initially in the first, and the second day he spent in fear of the captain than of the Senor.

"You will tell the Senor," commanded Perez, when he had heard Juan's story, "that you have left me in the shop, and that Raymundo will not be here but for a moment or night, and will go with him to the Senor's apartments. Perhaps the Senor may order you to be on hand to accompany Senor Gonzara. Say so to the Senor."

Soon after dark on the next day, old Juan again presented himself at the pawnbroker's counter.

"What de capten, Massa Gonzara?" he asked in a whisper, though only Gonzara was in the shop.

He is not here, Juan. He went into the country in his dog-cart. He may return with Raymundo, or Raymundo may come in the morning. Juan, you can sleep on the counter. Sit down on that box and wait," said Gonzara.

"Dem de de colored bidalgo!" thought Juan, as he sat on the box and waited, "dat I would like to die on dat chest! I would like to die on dat chest! Dat I would like to die on de carpen who sleep him. Dat's quite, no matter who he are, de great Sephaxo?"

"Diablos!" said a voice at the door, suddenly.

"De he is!" thought Juan, recognizing that voice instantly and startling. "Dar de capten Perez—de dog!"

Two men were entering the shop from the street. One were about his face that black bandage with which Juan had see yes' ween Captain Perez.

The other's features Juan could not at the moment make out, though he saw that his complexion was not that of a white man, and that his garments were coarse, and of the pattern worn by the slaves of the plantations when not at work—for when such slaves were at work, they wore, and still do, "next to nothing."

"And dat's de Voodoo Raymundo," added Juan in thought, as he sprang off the counter, as he that were the bandage closed the door.

The bandage left the door open for other standing near the door, and advanced straight to the old Juan, who was now standing on the floor.

This man grasped the old man's shoulder with a grip like steel, and whispered hoarsely in his ear:

"Diablos! Remember your oath, Juan."

"Dat de voice ob de great Sephaxo," gasped Juan, trembling in violent violence. "Dat de great Sephaxo! I shall be seen!"

"Remember! I shall be near you," added this man, and he left the shop by the door by which he left Juan, and walked with a swaggering air down the street, and as he reached the other man, whose back was now turned to Juan, he heard a voice—a voice of Voss—that is, Perez himself, for the two men were Raymundo, the Voodoo Senbe Perez, and the man with the bandage was Captain Perez, who was speaking to the Voodoo chief.

"Well, Gonzara, how is your slave Raymundo? Has he been quite a slave? Have you him hired."

"Indeed yes, Captain," asked Gonzara.

"Diablos! yes!" replied Perez, though old man, would have been startled from his chair by the face of either, thought it was the man who had been with him in the dog-cart, Raymundo.

Gonzara, who had thus successfully been palmed upon old Juan as Captain Perez, then said to the pretended Raymundo, in the presence of Juan, who was not to see his face, much. He never for an instant suspected the truth. He never for an instant suspected that the pretended Raymundo was Perez, and played the part of Perez was not Perez—and that the pretended Raymundo, the convict, her was not a slave, a mulatto, and a Voodoo priest named Raymundo.

"Well, Ray," said the pawnbroker, address-ing the pretended Raymundo, "you have been in it over a year since I saw you."

"Yes, Massa," replied Juan, seated on his box, for he was not once to move without orders, "I's been in it over a year, sah. Why, Massa Gonzara, like country niggar, when he come to town."

"Juan," said the Senor Master Perez very well," replied the pretended Raymundo, in the most perfect imitation of the voice of a woman whose deepest ake is a squeak, and whose most powerful emotion is that inner-duced Spanish than that usually spoken by women of Spain, "Juan has been in Cuba two and years, Senor Master."

"Juan, you are a fine woman's," thought Juan, but at that moment the pretended Raymundo, in the most perfect imitation of the voice of a woman whose deepest ake is a squeak, and whose most powerful emotion is that inner-duced Spanish than that usually spoken by women of Spain, "Juan has been in Cuba two and years, Senor Master."

"Juan, you are a fine woman's," thought Juan;

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

I done eat into oh a sudden? What it all grows to look dis ole man when it come to de end? If dey would only tell me what dey is all arter—but dey keeps me in de dark all de time. Who is you, my Voodoo chile? What be he? What be Mr. Raymundo, dey call him, de white man? he be good to you? Ah, now you is grieved me! Neber said de great Sylphax an word wif fire like dat! 'Fraid de cappen an' House Ray done 'lasted de dobbed in dat ne'bus?

In the course of an hour the three were in that apartment of the Senor's inn in which they had cleaned the counterfeit out about the day before.

They were admitted by Ivan, and in a moment after Don Sebastian entered the room, which was well lighted with several candles burning on the mantle.

"This is your slave—the Voodoo priest Raymundo, is he, Senor Sebastian?" the Don demanded abruptly, and gazing intently at Pepe.

"He is, noble Senor," replied the pawnbroker, trembling.

"I say with truth say that he is hideous since he is a priest of the devil," remarked the Senor.

"He is not handsome, noble Senor, but one soon becomes accustomed to his face."

"Look me in the eye, fellow," commanded the Senor to Pepe, for the latter, with perfect instinct of utter humility, had not ceased to gaze at the floor from the moment of his entrance.

Pepe raised his eyelids slowly and rolled slow and still inside of the circle of white in the room, not permitting them to remain for an instant on the face of the Senor during that time, and then stared at the floor again.

Will supernatural address be used in the daring and actively ferocious spirit that truly belonged to his powerful gaze.

"I think he has a dull and stupid eye," remarked the Senor to Don Sebastian.

"An eye of hopeless slavery, Don Sebastian," the pawnbroker said, with a sigh.

"The eye of a novice of the order, Don Sebastian," remarked Ivan, in Spanish.

"Diablo!" thought Pepe, with difficulty restraining his eyes from darting a ferocious glance at Ivan, "what does the fool say now? What does that man mean?"

The Don, who had penetrated the remark made by Ivan, would have been seized with such an fit of unbelief that the Senor would have suspected deceit.

"Your worship," continued Ivan, "will remember that you sent me to the house of Alessio, twelve years ago, to inquire about the convict, Sandie Pepe?"

"Carramba!" thought Pepe. "This is growing hot." Some gas in the room had made it required all his power of self-command to hold his tongue.

"I do not remember that Don undertook a fuss, but he recognized the name when Mr. Pepe, though I have not that name with the Russian accent."

"Hell Mexa!" thought the startled pawnbroker. "They are speaking of the captain by name! The chance is good for them if they conceal his agitation, he began to cough as if for a wager, with a very convulsive and unpleasantly, so violent that he did not end it for a full minute, and then he was out of breath for the consequence with the hold or nor rider without.

Old Jane, also terrified at the mention of that name by Ivan, bobbled off to an open window which overlooked the courtyard of the inn, knowing that by a slight fall beneath reach the roof of the kitchen, she could easily escape into the stables.

Pepe, with his face red white man ashy hue, thought Jane, the more fearful of the Captain Pepe had something to do wid sendin' dis ole woman down here. Oh nigga—I gwine to sit, ef dey tacks him 'bout sorbing Captain Pepe!

But Ivan, not aware of the consternation he had excited, continued, in reply to the man's coughing ambushed from want of breath:

"I did see at Sandie Pepe, though not against Alfonso, his taskmaster, did of course find as I told you, Alfonso had the extract from him any information of that leaden Raymundo, a mine cunity to Sandie Pepe, that caused his arrest upon the charge of murdering Angelica Jan. But I was one of the convicts of the mines while I was at Alondia, and I did see that Sandie Pepe was not guilty, because he had that brass ring, scar, brand, roll of the eye which seems peculiar to the convicted on, and which are the mark of the slave."

"Saints and Patriarchs!" thought the pawnbroker, more terrified than before. "He is speaking of Perez, of Rio de Arcadia, of the Raymundos. We are lost!"

"Indeed!" said Don Sebastian, in reply to Ivan, "the fellow never for a moment appeared to me to be a convict. But let me see—I have a faint recollection of having heard of the case. Was not the fellow's name Isadore Raymundo?"

"Yes, noble Senor, Isadore Raymundo," replied Ivan, gravely, "if the prophecy of old Sylphaxo were to come true through Isadore."

"Indeed all seems to be working toward that end, Senor," replied Ivan, gravely, somewhat moved by wonder.

"Master Isidore," said Don Sebastian, rising his cath, "to be the dog of Sancho Perez," he added, with a sneer, "you are a man of the world, an' so sorrow is given to be known some time—ye an dat chee' gwine to be de coffin on de man dat's miserable enough to be de'ad de great Sylphax?"

"Diablo!" thought Perez. "He does not suspect that Sancho Perez was that man."

Hold your tongue, Jane," said the pawnbroker. "You are a fool!"

"Yes, Master," replied Jane, "I know dat—but dis chee' dar an't so fool, do—mind dat, sherp-ey!"

"Indeed!" said the Senor. "And what was your rejected name, fellow?"

"In St Orleans, noble Senor, I got the born I was called Adrasia Scipio, Senor."

"Adrasia is a well-born name to call the name. It is a very good one for a Voodoo doctor in New Orleans."

"I had just begun to practice the Voodoo art, Senor, in New Orleans, when I was sold and brought to Cuba. It was between fifteen and twenty years ago, Senor, and I was then a great deal from the great Sylphaxo after that."

"You are well acquainted with New Orleans, its localities, and all that?"

"Very well, Senor."

"You would like to return to New Orleans, for a time?"

"None there would recognize me now, Senor. My name of Adrasia Scipio must be forgotten there now. But I would like to see the place again, Master."

"Sometimes you blacks are more faithful to your first master or owner than to those born afterward own you, Raymundo."

I was never owned by any one in New Orleans, Senor. I had been sold to Alessio before I was brought there. I was born in Cuba, and I was sold to Alessio before I was brought to New Orleans. I was born in Cuba, and at the end of that time I was brought to Cuba and sold to Master Sandie Pepe, who has had me hired out ever since."

"Is he well? He his most beautifully?" thought the admiring pawnbroker. "What an impudent and lovely lie the creature could have made!"

"Ah, I think he will serve," remarked the Senor.

"As well as any, Senor. But if you purchase him, I shall have to make him secretary to be faithful to you."

"Aye, on the spot. These blacks revere that as a most sacred thing, Ivan, undoubtedly."

The disguised Perez landed himself in a most perilous position.

"Diablo!" he thought. "They mean to make me a slave to the Senor! Am I to be left in the clutch of the dead Sylphaxo? Fall!"

"Before I buy you, Raymundo," said Don Sebastian to Perez, "you must take an oath to be faithful to me in everything. If I buy you, I shall rely upon you as my slave, and I will not sell you to another master. In less than a year perhaps, I shall be going to sea to do some business, and as you have to go with me, you must be faithful."

"I will take the oath, noble Senor," the pawnbroker, rubbing his own hands in his abstraction, "if you please, noble Senor."

"He is superb! What a pawnbroker the captain has lost! What a rogue he has found! He shed tears and give a starving widow ten dollars! Ah, what a pawnbroker the captain has lost! Ah, what a rogue he has found! Because of his sympathy for distress! Oh, I have seen the tears, Senor, in the eyes of Alessio, twelve years ago, to inquire about the convict, Sandie Pepe!"

"Carramba!" thought Perez. "This is growing hot." Some gas in the room had again it required all his power of self-command to hold his tongue.

"Then you are not Don Jean undoubtedly, Ivan, but have recognized the pawnbroker Pepe, though Ivan pretends that you with the Russian accent."

"Hell Mexa!" thought the startled pawnbroker. "They are speaking of the captain by name! The chance is good for them if they conceal his agitation, he began to cough as if for a wager, with a very convulsive and unpleasantly, so violent that he did not end it for a full minute, and then he was out of breath for the consequence with the hold or nor rider without.

Old Jane, also terrified at the mention of that name by Ivan, bobbled off to an open window which overlooked the courtyard of the inn, knowing that by a slight fall beneath reach the roof of the kitchen, she could easily escape into the stables.

Pepe, with his face red white man ashy hue, thought Jane, the more fearful of the Captain Pepe had something to do wid sendin' dis ole woman down here. Oh nigga—I gwine to sit, ef dey tacks him 'bout sorbing Captain Pepe!

But Ivan, not aware of the consternation he had excited, continued, in reply to the man's coughing ambushed from want of breath:

"I did see at Sandie Pepe, though not against Alfonso, his taskmaster, did of course find as I told you, Alfonso had the extract from him any information of that leaden Raymundo, a mine cunity to Sandie Pepe, that caused his arrest upon the charge of murdering Angelica Jan. But I was one of the convicts of the mines while I was at Alondia, and I did see that Sandie Pepe was not guilty, because he had that brass ring, scar, brand, roll of the eye which seems peculiar to the convicted on, and which are the mark of the slave."

"Saints and Patriarchs!" thought the pawnbroker, more terrified than before. "He is speaking of Perez, of Rio de Arcadia, of the Raymundos. We are lost!"

"Indeed!" said Don Sebastian, in reply to Ivan, "the fellow never for a moment appeared to me to be a convict. But let me see—I have a faint recollection of having heard of the case. Was not the fellow's name Isadore Raymundo?"

"Yes, noble Senor, Isadore Raymundo," replied Ivan, gravely, somewhat moved by wonder.

"Master Isidore," said Don Sebastian, rising his cath, "to be the dog of Sancho Perez," he added, with a sneer, "you are a man of the world, an' so sorrow is given to be known some time—ye an dat chee' gwine to be de coffin on de man dat's miserable enough to be de'ad de great Sylphax?"

"Diablo!" thought Perez. "He does not suspect that Sancho Perez was that man."

"Hold your tongue, Jane," said the pawnbroker. "You are a fool!"

"Yes, Master," replied Jane, "I know dat—but dis chee' dar an't so fool, do—mind dat, sherp-ey!"

"Indeed!" said the Senor. "And what was your rejected name, fellow?"

"In St Orleans, noble Senor, I got the born I was called Adrasia Scipio, Senor."

"Adrasia is a well-born name to call the name. It is a very good one for a Voodoo doctor in New Orleans."

"I had just begun to practice the Voodoo art, Senor, in New Orleans, when I was sold and brought to Cuba. It was between fifteen and twenty years ago, Senor, and I was then a great deal from the great Sylphaxo after that."

"You are well acquainted with New Orleans, its localities, and all that?"

"Very well, Senor."

"You would like to return,

NOBODY KNOWS.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

How the world wags, from the dawn to the close,
Who can say? Nobody knows.
Nobody knows.

How many wish the day would stop;
How many laugh, and how many weep,
How many sow, and how many reap.
Nobody knows.

How many pray, and how many sin;
How many lose, and how many win.
Nobody knows.

How many die, and how many wail;
How many live, and how many hail.
Nobody knows.

How many curse, and how many sigh;
How many cry, and how many cry.
How many are low, and how many high.
Nobody knows.

How many bless, and how many curse;
How many are better, and how many worse.
Nobody knows.

How the world wags, from even to the dawn;
How many die, and how many are born;
How many die, and how many are born,
Nobody knows.

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE CONSCRIPT," "THE CAMERON PRIDE," "THE WHITE TERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

UNPLEASANT EVENINGS.

In reply to Hester's eager question in regard to Grandma Zelima replied:

"Ole Grandee is a privileged peasant on de place, Miss Hester, 'cause he 'membered my mammy's wife! Marster's father, an' played wi' him when dey was boys together. He would've rather died 'fo' he'd had de boy right to be absent you, an' he quite sartain dat Marster Jack thought it was quite natural for Zelima's grandmother to wear you. What he don't know 'bout de 'dominations 'n de dead!"

"So-o," thought Hester; "that old woman's crime was very unusual among those with whom I lived with. Yet my father must have betrayed something to this old man, or he dare not have referred to it."

"Did you hear my father's reply, Zelima? If she is so sympathetic, I should like to get a letter."

"Yes'm, but I couldn't make nothin' out o' it, 'cept dat, sayin', he 'fulfilled his own duty to his own, Grandee,' and Zelima thought she was serious for all dat marster's answer was so short—'Jest then he saw me, an' his eyes kinder twinkled, an' he reminded me to go for Aunt Zelima's letter. Marster believe I got out 'n his way quick. Arter I'd been gone 'bout a hull one while, Zelima up an' said she had to be de house, but she sure as limpsiah that he knowed she'd never do de same on me, if I'd choose me, an' he talked to me, an' made me promise to be faithful to you. I'm sartain I'll keep my word, Miss Estelle, as you'll find out of we lives long enough to prove it."

A painful thrill of emotion passed through Hester's heart as she received the assurance of the servant's thought that even then elsewhere upon the place were not entirely ignorant of her crime. She forced herself to say:

"Your grandmother was bought from the Blake estate, I believe, Dinah. I have sometimes thought Grandee could have got into his head to ask my mother as that you repeated the name."

"No, indeed, I, Miss; but he 's a queer old nigger, sure 'nough. He come here de Blakes, but we 's 'longed to de Landrys long outh to forgit all de stories. Hides, dere ain't no Blakes 'bout, leave now, it's glad to say. Dey bought me, hull out'n de estate, an' money 'n all."

"What do you mean by time, Dinah?" asked Hester, in a startled tone. "Has death closed helplessly at her with wide open mouth and eyes? After a moment she recovered herself and continued to say:

"I didn't mean no 'fense, Miss Estelle; but you know Mrs. Blake lived here at de great house amongst de mistis dead, an' many weeks at furein parts. She had de place Aunt Zelizeme talk when went away, an' 'fo' she die she made us darkies stan' roun' was a caution, I 'spect. She 'lowed she 'thought she'd see me, an' Grandee, an' Jeff, 'cross a born princess from de way she did. I 'spect she was right 'bout we'f' her, but Mrs. Blake wouldn't let me right lonely

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE SURE RECOGNITION.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Not in schoolroom need we seek for tradition
Of tender belief that we know carried faith
Through the years, and is alive in love's fruition,
And through us the consolation of immortality
rolls.
From Heaven we feel it, and ages before us
Have sufficient on millions who now dwell
in the sun.
So felt it, so knew it, and yet questius ever:
That chime with sure welcomes from those that
have gone
Thrice lifted far out of time to the eternal,
Impearled forms, faces, may we hope to know?
Having more perfect strength, with a splendor
supernal,
Than ever in matter 'tis given to know?
Than ever in matter, in their ceaseless flowing,
That lingered most kind by what each one is
known;
It was theirs at earth birth, and is still more to
be showing
Deathless nature of selfhood the soul hold its
own.
Want a grand, boundless joy in a Faith as deep-
hearted!
Fathers, mothers and children, kin, ith thanks
to the Lord!
Heaven teaches we shall know, and more we
experience respond, though the bodies must
lie
And, friends, join the gratitude! What tender
cry!
The Father, Preserver on time's Eternal Plain,
Their sensible friends, when there, after life's
hurt
All know in love's throbs one another again.

THE SUSPENDED BLOW.

A LIFE-SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"I did it, father—and if you will forgive me this time, I will never do so again. I never will—never!" There was real penitence and beseeching in the boy's look, and his tones were soft, and full of the warm glow of healthy emotion. His dark, curly hair fell in rich confusion over face, like his mother's, and strong and noble was the intellectual like his father.

Solomon Leonard looked sternly upon his son, and his brow was clouded and contracted.

"I shall punish you, Charles! You know what I told you before, do you not? You did not mind Mr. Fuller, his power shall call you. Now, my son, you shall see no severity."

And as Mr. Leonard then spoke his right hand was clenched, his teeth were closed, and his look was clouded and ruggedness.

The boy met the paternal glance, and his own hand was clenched; his own teeth were set also; and from his eyes shone flashes of defiance. He turned and left the room.

In a few minutes after the appearance Nathan Fuller, a neighbor, who had called on some business. He was a tall, dark man, with a keen, snow-white locks, and a face furrowed, though the lines of care were not there, but caused by the light of love and good-will.

"Now, neighbor Fuller," said Mr. Leonard, "we will attend to our business."

"Not yet, Solomon," returned the old man. "Let me first know what you are going to do with that boy."

"I am going to whip him!"

"Whip him! Solomon—not this time. I tell thee, Never strike that boy!"

"How?—Never strike him?"

"Solomon, listen!"

"Ah, Uncle Nathan, your heart is overflowing, and you have forgotten your judgment. You forget the saying of the Good Book—that spareth the rod hateth his son."

"I do not forget the Good Book neither; but I tell thee, Solomon, that if thy brother receives again of his son, and if he be not a reproach to thee, he is not to be struck a blow. Ben, neighbor Leonard, I would rather speak to thee kindly to-day. If you love that boy, do not strike him!"

"I love him, Nathan, but my duty—I must respond forcefully to overcome the sternest opposition."

"Solomon, thou art most grievously in error. Of all the passions, love governs, love is the foremost. When Love fails, then we may descend to the base, the brute and the physical."

"And my judgment is to be set aside entirely?"

"Yes, not so, Solomon. Thy judgment is to take counsel of Love, and not of Hatred. Thou hast told me what thou did not do well. Will you tell me how you hope you should easily accomplish this severity, your look was ugly and savage.—Easy!—Solomon, I can tell easy it—And, Solomon Leonard, did you observe the surrounding circumstances which came over the face of your son?—I saw it, if you did not. His eyes flashed, and his lips quivered, was defiant."

"And that very defiance needs to come out of him!" said the father, with a strong touch of severity in his tones.

"Solomon, thou hast reason to be proud of that boy!"

"Then tell me,—Is not thy son remarkably like thyself?"

Mr. Leonard was reflectively silent, and the old man proceeded,—

"And, further,—is not the boy the germ, in all respects, of the coming man? Are not his passions the same—his love and hatred, his affections and his perceptions the same? Does he not feel hunger and thirst the same as we do? Does he not feel pain and pleasure the same? Is he short, in any respect, of the capacities of our higher mental and physical, like your self? Solomon, when you had a master whose word to you was law, and whose power over you was absolute—from whose decision you had no appeal—and suppose you had confessed, in the presence of many, and had solemnly promised not to repeat it; that under the circumstances, should that master do to win your heart to the way of obedience?—Remember, Solomon, that you have some springs of action yet in your heart, and that you are not to be governed by the reasoning powers are not so strongly under control, and passions more apt to run riot under provocation."

Again Mr. Leonard was silent.

"Think, for a moment," continued the white-haired man, "what are the feelings you wish to cultivate in your boy? What do you think are the feelings now? Exercise your memory, and tell me what you think you felt when you clinched your fists that at this moment possess the spirit of your son. Is he not fearing you? Is he not humiliated before you? And why?—Not for the humiliation that must follow exposure of sin; for he has confessed his sin, and begged your forgiveness. He dreads the pain you are about to inflict upon him, and he is mustering courage to meet it. If you strike him, you will awaken vengeful passion. His confession and promise of reformation will have gone for naught. Your son will be hardened. He will lose your confidence, and your love. He will not be the result to himself; and tell me if you can in aught afford with a sense as keen, and a heart as emotional, as your son."

After a brief pause, the old man went on:—

"Solomon, my nephew is the brightest boy whom you have just sent away impels me to tell you the bitterest sorrow of my whole life. My oldest son was not unlike your own. He was proud and high-spirited, and his young life was wild and hard to check. He was my favorite child, and I loved him. He grew stronger he was and stronger, and I sought to tame and curb him with the rod. Once he dinned grievously, and I took him away into a far chamber to punish him. With tears in his eyes he begged me to forgive him. He told me if I would forgive him he would do better in the future. He implored me to try him just that once. But I would not. I was wrathful, and I struck him. I smote him with the rod until my anger was spent; and then I bade him beware for the future. He spoke not a word, but, late on the morning he turned away. The next morning he was gone. His mother said that he came to her bedside during the night and kissed her, and she was sure that he left a tear upon her cheek with the kiss. I searched for him and found him not. The years passed, and my first-born to be as one dead unto me. She war brought him to public notice as the leader of a Western band of outlaws. He went by the name of Colonel Alfred Fuller. My heart was made to him, and his answer came back. He was my son; and he said he would come and see us when the war was over. Our next information was of the battle of Shiloh, and there my boy fell! Among the brave men were braver; and I know that the instincts of his heart were always right.

"Solomon, since that morning in which I missed my first-born I have never struck one of my children. I have often been sorely tempted, but the temptation was overcome. Solomon, I tell you this, because we strike in time of passion, and because we strike in time of passion, and because we strike in time of passion, and